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# WORK-A-DAY WARRIORS

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# WORK-A-DAY WARRIORS

SOLDIERS SHELTERING IN A CELLAR DURING A HEAVY BOMBARDMENT

# WORK-A-DAY WARRIORS

BY JOSEPH LEE
AUTHOR OF "BALLADS OF BATTLE"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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J. L.

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*We are but warriors for the working day;*
*Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd*
*With rainy marching in the painful field:*
*There's not a piece of feather in our host*
*(Good argument and hope we will not fly),*
*And time hath worn us into slovenry;*
*But by the Mass our hearts are in the trim.*

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## A SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY IN THE TRENCHES

THREE centuries agone since Shakespeare died,
Since he was shrouded in good English ground,
His body to the earth, his spirit free,
His bones to lie for aye, his book to live:

And here sit I, a tattered Corporal,
Reading me snatches from a tattered tome,
In fateful Flanders in a fetid trench,
While round me lie six lads in ravelled hose,
Torn kilts, and broken shoon, and lousy shirts,
Like his own Falstaff's ragged regiment.

TO VIEW



We crouch within a dug-out's dusty depths ;
A cavern in the earth ; Adullam cave ;
A mouse's burrowing—a mole's—no more,
Yet sanctuary 'gainst the iron storm
Which works unheeded havoc o'er our heads.

Two hundred yards away the Teuton line
Twines like some scaly serpent in the grass
Which ever and anon doth vomit fire.

And these are they would claim Will for their own ?
Well, they, if more than kin, are less than kind,
For all the day, from dawning to the dusk,
They've tried us with a dozen different deaths.

E'en so ; I turn the pages of his book
As Shakespeare turned each several folio
Of that vast, varied volumed Book of Life.

Here were stout words for cheer and
'couragement,
And it seemed England when we heard
such words,
And leafy Warwick in a Morn o' May,
And Arden Forest 'neath a greenwood
tree.

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear
land;

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once
more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

Around us were the lodges of our dead,
Who gave their life that England still
might live;
The very burrow in the which we were,
Had bones of dead men baked into the
clay:
Their ghosts still seemed to linger in our
lines.

But I read on ; a passage from a play,
With frequent interlude and change of scene,
Till here was Denmark and the moody Dane.
Without, the Corporal did change the guard,
Even while Bernardo challenged Francisco
Upon the battlements at Elsinore :

> FRAN.—You come most carefully upon your hour.
> BER.—'Tis now struck twelve ; get thee to bed, Francisco.
> FRAN.—For this relief much thanks. . . .

" And so say I," said Nick, acrawling in,
" 'Tis dull work gazing into No Man's Land,
And peopling it with denizens of dream—
But do not let my coming stay the play ;
The play's the thing ; your audience awaits ! "

So now my fingers found that sad, sweet tale,
That story of the ancient grudge between
The House of Montague and Capulet.

That old-time tear, that tale of deathless
love,
Of youthful love, of love at sudden sight ;
That moonlight madness of a man and
maid,
That mating in a Springtime of the world,
That Eve and Adam of a later date.
And so I read. . . .
Till o'er the sullen booming of the guns
There rose the tumult of Verona's streets,
The sounds of brawl, the bickering of
blades,
And Tybalt draws upon Mercutio ;
And there is rapier play, and then, and
then,
Mercutio is hurt 'neath Romeo's arm :

> MERCUTIO—A plague o' both your houses ! I am sped. . . . 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door ; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve : ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses !

" I cry ' Amen ! ' to that ! " upspake poor
Nick,
He of reflective eye and raven hair,

"Hapsburg and Hanover, Kaisers and Kings!—
My mood this moment is to quarrel most
With what would rob me of my life and love,
The beauty of the day, the dawn, the dusk,
And give us naught but dark, and dust, and death—
And yet, and yet, if only England live
Our life is but a little thing to give."

And he is dead since syne; I stood one morn,
At the chill hour of dawn, alone with—what?
A man?—a memory?—a mystery?
Which was what I had loved, and yet was not;
Whose hand, that I had clasped so oft before,
Fell now from mine as in indifference;
Who heard me not, who spoke not any word,
And still seemed voluble as many tongues;

Whose eyes saw naught, yet seemed to
embrace all;
Whose lips were parted as might be in
smile
That death had been so little difficult.

From the grim belt of broken, blasted
trees,
There spoke the rifle of a lurking foe;
The bullets spat upon the ruined wall
'Neath which he lay; silence throbbed in
my ear;
A bird woke in the wood, and then a wind,
Which lifted up a tress of his dark hair
Then laid it down, like hand invisible,
And moaned like to a hungry human
heart.

And there stood I, and thought of hearts
would break,
And hands would move in memory 'mid
that hair,
When this news reached his now uncon-
scious home,
And I did groan for them and not for him.

I saw the dawn drift up a quiet street,
And steal into the room where he had slept;
I heard a dog bark, and a clanging bell,
And then the kindly kitchen sounds which he
Had known on many mornings long ago.

I bent me down and felt about his breast,
And took the missives, that he held so dear,
From her, the mistress of his ardent heart.
And they were red with his heart's blood.

•

I found her pictured image, pensive smiling, sad,
As if she had foreknowledge of his fate—
And it was also showered with that red rain.
And last of all I took the little disc,
The little round that told the little round
Of his career, and it was red with blood.

I laid one kiss upon his brow, and looked
For the last time upon his sculptured face,
And so I left him, till—what comes to pass.

But here was he alive, and, " Read," says
he,
" Those passages where Romeo doth part
With Juliet and never meets her more."

## GERMAN PRISONERS

WHEN first I saw you in the curious street,
Like some platoon of soldier ghosts in grey,
My mad impulse was all to smite and slay,
To spit upon you—tread you 'neath my feet.
But when I saw how each sad soul did greet
My gaze with no sign of defiant frown,
How from tired eyes looked spirits broken down,
How each face showed the pale flag of defeat,
And doubt, despair, and disillusionment,
And how were grievous wounds on many a head,
And on your garb red-faced was other red;
And how you stooped as men whose strength was spent,
I knew that we had suffered each as other,
And could have grasped your hand and cried, "My brother"!

"EACH FACE SHOWED THE PALE FLAG OF DEFEAT."

## "GLAD THAT I KILLED YER"

### A MODERN SONG OF LAMECH

*Hear my voice; hearken unto my speech: for I have slain a man.*—GENESIS iv. 23.

GLAD that I killed yer—
It was you or me:
Our bayonets locked,
And then I pulled mine free;
My heart beat like to burst;
But Gawd, I got in first—
Glad that I killed yer!

Glad that I killed yer,
Though you are so young:
How still you lie
With both your arms outflung:
There's red blood on your hair—
Well, what the Hell I care?—
Glad that I killed yer!

Glad that I killed yer—
You're my enemy;
I had to hate—
And you—you hated me;
You mightn't be to blame—
I killed yer just the same—
Glad that I killed yer!

Glad that I killed yer—
That's the game o' war;
But for my luck
I'd lie just like you are;
Your blood is on my hand—
Surely you understand
I *had* to kill yer?

Glad that I killed yer—
Yet I can't forget
The look you gave me
When we turned—and met—
Why do you follow me with staring eye?
Was it so difficult a thing to die—
Gawd! when *I* killed yer?

Glad that I killed yer—
Yet I'm sorry, too,
For those will wait
So long at home for you:
I have a mother living down at Bow—
Thank Gawd for this that yours will never know
'Twas I that killed yer!

Glad that I killed yer—
It was you or me:
It does seem strange,
But it had got to be.
My heart beat like to burst,
But Gawd, I got in first—
Glad that I killed yer!

## LE TAMBOUR

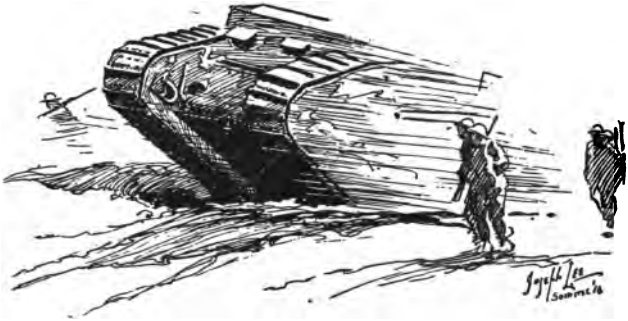
As I rode through the town of Aire,
Up the long street did come
A little lad who lustily
Did beat a little drum,
Did bang a brazen cymbal
And beat upon a drum.

His father died at Verdun,
His mother weeps in Aire ;
The little lad drums undismayed,
How should he know or care
That each tuck makes her tears to start—
That he beats tattoo on her heart ?

## ANCESTRY

I AM one with my fleet-foot forebear,
skin-clad, with his flint-head spear;
I am one with the savage tribesman,
with his bow-string taut to his ear;
I am one with them in their courage;
one with them in their fear:
As I lie out here, with dead men near
In this Listening-Post with my gun
They and I are One!

I am one with the ancient Roman,
pressing on in his grim phalanx;
I am one with the Spartan, the Trojan,
and the Grecian's steel-clad ranks;
They with their Horse, Heaven-sent,
and I with my earth-born "tanks";



" TANK " IN ACTION

As I move to attack, with my kit on my back,
And my bombs and my steel-tipped gun,
They and I are One!

I am one with the cohorts of Cæsar;
with the hosts of Hannibal;
With the legions of all the leaders
to the last "Petit Caporal";
One with the millions of nameless dead,
who have fallen as soldiers fall:
As I crawl through the breach in the battered wall,
Or charge at the run with my gun,
They and I are One!

## LEAVE

He was going home to-morrow, his heart
was light and gay;
He was going home to-morrow—but he
went Home to-day!

YPRES—CHRISTMAS EVE

# BACK TO LONDON

## A POEM OF LEAVE

I HAVE not wept when I have seen
  My stricken comrades die;
I have not wept when we have made
  The place where they should lie;
My heart seemed drowned in tears, but still
  No tear came to my eye.

There is a time to weep, saith One,
  A season to refrain;
How should it ope, this fount of tears,
  While I sate in the train,
So that all blurred the landscape moved
  Outwith the window pane?

But one short day since I had left
A land upheaved and rent,
Where Spring brings back no bourgeoning,
As Nature's force were spent;
Yet now I travelled in a train
Through the kindly land of Kent!

A kindly land, a pleasant land,
As welcome sight to me
As after purgatorial pains
The Plains of Heaven might be,
When the wondrous Goodness that is God
Draws a soul from jeopardy.

A pleasant land, a peaceful land
Of wooded hill and weald,
Where kine stand knee-deep in the grass,
And sheep graze in the field;
A blessèd land, where a wounded heart
Might readily be healed.

A wholesome land, where each white road
Leads to a ruddy hearth;
Where still is heard the sound of song
And the kindly note of mirth;

Where the strong man cheerful wakes to toil
And the dead sleep sound i' the earth.

I have not wept when I have seen
My chosen comrades die;
I have not wept while we have digged
The grave where they should lie;
But now I lay my head in my hand
Lest my comrades see me cry.

The little children, two by two,
Stand on the five-barred gate,
And wave their hands to waft us home
Like passengers of state;
My heart is very full, so full
It holds no room for hate.

The children climb the five-barred gate
And blow us kisses five,
The little cripple in his car
Waves from the carriage drive:
Blessed are the dead, but blessed e'en more
We soldiers still alive!

Lo ! we draw near to London town,
  The troop train jolts and drags,
The friendly poor come forth once more
  To greet us in their rags—
The very linen on the line
  Flutters and flaunts like flags !

The girls within the factory grim
  Smile at the broken pane ;
The sempstress in her lonely room
  Sighs o'er her task again ;
The servant shakes her duster forth
  To signal our speeding train ;

The station names go flitting past
  Like old familiar friends ;
The smoke cloud with the clouds aloft
  In wondrous fashion blends,
And, lo ! we enter London town,
  To where all journeying ends.

I have not wept when I have seen
  A hundred comrades die ;
I have not wept when that we shaped
  The house where they must lie—
But now I hide my head in my hand
  Lest my comrades see me cry.

These are the scenes, these the dear souls,
'Mid which our lot was cast,
To this loved land, if Fate be kind,
We shall return at last,
For this our stern steel line we hold—
Lord, may we hold it fast!

# THUNDER-STORM IN THE TRENCHES

*Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?*

BETWEEN the anger of our guns
Spoke forth th' Artillery of Heaven;
Like warning words writ on the wall
The sky with light was riven.

Yet did there seem no note of wrath,
So that my soul rejoiced,
As if I'd heard from Sinai's Mount
God's admonition voiced.

# WAR

## SOME REFLECTIONS BY CORPORAL RICHARD CREW OF THE CANADIANS

*From whence come wars and fightings?*—JAMES iv. 1.

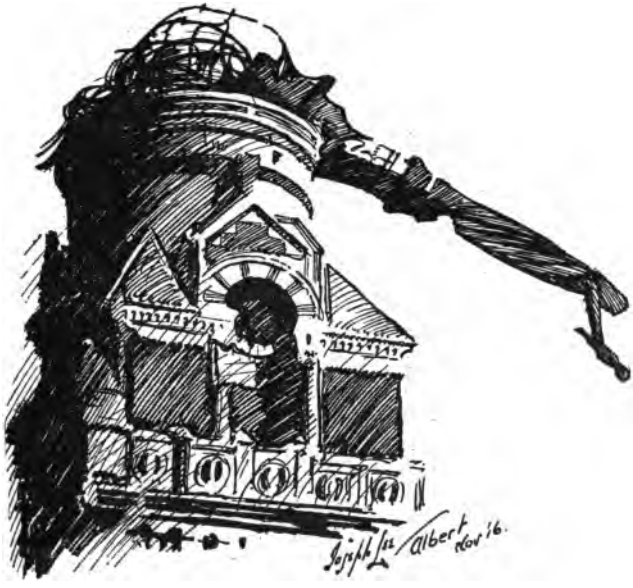
SURE, I dunno;
  There's some men call War "murder,"
    Some say it's elevatin';
  I've 'eard both sides
    Their cases statin'
An hour or so—
But I dunno.

There was Jim,
  Got blown up in a mine:
    He was elevated right enough—
    But yet I felt it tough,

For I was fond o' him.
And then, pore Jake,
Struck in 's stummach,
Went swearin' straight to hell—
If hell ain't all a fake—
No, siree, War
Ain't pretty like a Calendar!

One thing—the dead
Ain't beautifully spread,
Each with an artistic scar
'Cross his fore'ead;
No, that ain't War
Whatever poets say—
Shrapnel and high explosive
Do not work that way.

Ye mind o' Ned?—
Him what went West
At St. Eloi?—
A rare good boy,
One o' the very best;




STATUE DE LA VIERGE, ALBERT, SOMME

*There is a belief that with the fall of this statue the war will terminate.*

Well, *his* pore 'ead
  Was blown clean off,
  And biffed me in the chest !—
  It seems to me
  There's something in the murder theory.

I've been out 'ere
Just on two year,
  And seen it all
    From Wipers to the Somme ;
  And not much bugle blowing,
  Nor banner flowing,
    And all that truck ;
  Just mostly muck and mud,
  And mud and muck,
And what the Frenchies call, I think,
    *ang-wee* ;
  No, War ain't what them long-haired
    coves
Have cracked it up to be !

And yet,
You bet,
  There's something in it, too—
  Not gauged by me and you ;

My Gawd, I've stood
After a heavy biff,
Pondering a bit on death—
And getting back my breath—
Thinking how boys have died,
Until, by Christ, I've cried—
Yet, somehow it seemed GOOD!

I mind me how
Just nigh the Hat [1]—
(Wish was there now!)
We rounded up a snake—
Some rattler at that!
And Lariat Jack
Bent o'er his saddle bow
And gripped the rattler so,
And broke its bloomin' back.
And I said "Shake,"

[1] Medicine Hat, a town in Alberta, which derives its name—for the retention of which Rudyard Kipling made an eloquent and successful plea with his pen—from the fact that, seven Indians having been drowned higher up the creek, the hat of the Medicine Man here floated up. By the Cow-puncher it is designated colloquially and affectionately "The Hat." Wish I had my head in it now!

And yet felt sorry, too,
For that there worm
Was wondrous beautiful of hue!

I guess there are
Redeeming tints to War.
Mayhap the Lord—
Who makes the silly snakes,
And breathes in storm, and shakes
The everlastin' hills wi' His earthquakes;
Who sets a little lamb
Upon an English mead,
Yet lets the tiger breed
And the wolf dam
Down in the jungle—
Mayhap the Lord
Ain't made no bloomin' bungle,
But even in bloody war—
Such as this are—
Fulfils His wondrous Word!

Christ! I am cold, wish Sergeant Wood would come,
And dish me out my morning tot o' rum!

## FOUR RYE SHEAVES

FOUR rye sheaves to be my bed;
"Now God me save," was the prayer I said;

And sweet was the sleep that came to me,
For I was home where I fain would be;

And sweet was the dream that sleep did yield,
A flowering bank, and a daisied field;

A lovers' lane, and a winsome maid—
But I never heard the word she said;

I never heard what word she spoke,
For the bugle was blown and I awoke.

. . . . .

Four rye sheaves to be my bed—
But where this night may I lay my head ?

Four rye sheaves to be my bed—
Will she come with that word if I am
dead ?

# SICK PARADE

*Orderly Corporal, loq.—*
Fall in the lazy, the lousy, and the lame,
Fall in the blighters who are trying to play
the game—
Give me your number, religion, age, and
name—
Fall in, fall in!

Fall in the fellows with the chilly feet;
Fall in the blokes who've had too much
to eat;
Fall in the "drafties" who are missing
mother's teat—
Fall in, fall in!

Fall in, fall in, you heirs to every ill,
The "Doc" will dish you out his wonder-
working pill—
"Nine" or "eleven"[1] will either cure or
kill—
Fall in, fall in!

[1] Popularly—or perhaps unpopularly—known among the men as "stoppers" and "starters."

Fall in—bolt down your bit o' breakfast
rootie,[1]
You who expect to go to England, home,
and beauty—
You'll be marked down for " medicine and
duty "—
Fall in, fall in !

Fall in, the lousy, the lazy, and the lame,
Fall in the fellows who are out to play the
game—
Give me your number, religion, age, and
name—
Fall in, fall in !

[1] Bread—a word adopted into the soldiers' vocabulary from his Indian comrades-in-arms.

## A REST BILLET

"WHEN the next biff is over, we shall have
a rest," said Jo;
His comrades left him sleeping—for it was
even so.

## PROGRESSION

BILL, when he lived in Lunnon, lived down
Whitechapel way;
He owns a dug-out of his own, in old
"Park Lane" to-day!

## SUPERSTITION

THREE soldiers lit their cigarettes, each by
the self-same match;
Well, all the three have come so far—
without a single scratch!

# SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNIN'

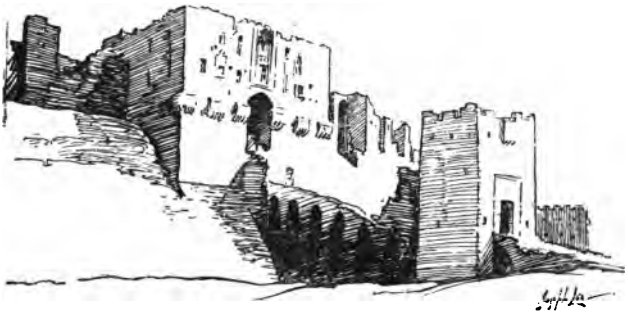
THE LOVE LILT OF CÓRPORAL PATRICK MULLOHOY OF THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS

SAINT PATRICK'S Day in the mornin',
A year ago to-day,
I was awalkin' meself alone
Adown a green lane in ould Athlone—
Well, sure now, of course, sweet
Molly Malone
Was with me upon the way;
I gathered a sprig of shamrock,
Which in her dear breast she set,
And, like the dew on the little plant,
With tears her blue eyes were wet—
For I was going away—
O, Saint Patrick's Day in the mornin'
A year ago to-day!

Saint Patrick's Day in the mornin',
This very blessed day,
The ould Colonel had us all out on parade,
And, " I'm proud of me bhoys," was what he said,
" Ye've won fresh laurels will never fade—
That's all that I've got to say " ;
Then he gave us a sprig of shamrock,
And I sent it home to my pet,
And all that I wrote aneath it was :
" Perhaps ye will not forget—
For ever and alway—
Saint Patrick's Day in the mornin'
A year ago to-day ! "

Saint Patrick's Day in the mornin',
Next year this very day,
Please God I'll be walkin' meself alone
Adown that green lane in ould Athlone—
With by me side sweet Molly Malone,
To keep me upon the way ;

Then I'll gather a sprig of shamrock,
And set it upon her breast,
And I'll place two kisses upon her lips—
And I'm thinkin' ye'll guess the rest—
For all that I'm going to say
Is, "Ye haven't forgotten the promise ye made
Upon Saint Patrick's Day—
Saint Patrick's Day in the mornin'
*Two* years ago to-day?"



"THAT GRIM CASTLE IN THAT ANCIENT TOWN"

## "IN ALEPPO ONCE"

*And say besides, that in Aleppo once,*
*Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk*
*Beat a Venetian and traduced the State,*
*I took by the throat the circumcised dog,*
*And smote him thus—and thus.*

OTHELLO.

How should it come to pass that on this
page
O'er which I pore by this pale candle light,
There should appear this creature of
affright—
The unnamed victim of Othello's rage?

He drags himself as 'twere upon the stage,
And glares with eyes that are not things of sight ;
And beckons to behold his piteous plight,
The gouts of blood no unguent can assuage.
Beneath the battlements I see him lie,
Of that grim castle in that ancient town,
And all his wounds are mouths that seem to cry
To bring the vengeance of Almighty down—
How should it come to pass he points at me ?
Alas !
How should it come to pass ? How should it come to pass ?

THE NURSE

## THE NURSE

WHEN I came to mysel' a lily-white hand
  Was stroking my fever'd brow,
And I couldn't remember where I'd been hit,
  And I couldn't remember how,
But I felt as if from red-hot hell
  The Lord had just set me free—
And here was a blessed angel from heaven
  A-bending over me!

She had a smile like a morn o' May,
And the kindest of soft grey eyes;
And I felt a sort o' confused, I suppose,
And I guess that I made to rise;
But she held me easy wi' one small hand,
And she said, "Now, you must lie still,"
And I hadn't the strength o' a new-born babe,
And so I just done her will.

I closed my peeps, and I lay for a spell
Stretched out in my little cot,
A-trying to think what I'd gave them Huns—
A-trying to think what I'd got,
And, by-me-bye, my leg gave a twinge,
Made me more curse than cry,
And I says to mysel', "Well, number one
Is a compound fractured thigh!"

I explored no further for a bit,
But lay still in my little bed,
Till sudden a bandage slipped o'er my eye,
And says I, "Number two's in the head";

Then I noses about again, and remarks,
"There ain't no cause for alarm,
But unless I'm mighty mistaken, Mike,
Number three's in your fore left arm!"

I'd got splints all over my pore old stumps,
And lint all over my skin,
And I found 'arf a dozen apertures
What had let bits o' shrapnel in;
And thinks I, "You've more metal in your hide
Than money in your purse,"
And I opened my eyes, and attempted to smile,
And there again was the Nurse.

She looked at me so sorrowful,
Yet brightly, too. Says I,
"It's no use patching a hulk like me,
Nurse, hadn't you best let me die?"
I seen her brush her eyes with her hand,
Then she gave her proud head a toss,
And, "Michael," she says, "would you like to see
A Red Cross Nurse really *cross*?"

The way that that girl manœuvred me,
The sort o' things that she done,
'Twas like having my old mother back again
And I but a kid aged one;
There's nothing that's pretty about me,
And I'm only one half tamed,
But when she'd attend to my toileting,
I felt thankful—and ashamed!

It was always, "Mike, good mornin',
And how do you feel to-day?"
And yet she'd the sharpest of eyes to see
My drugs duly stowed away;
The visitin' Surgeon's very good,
And the resident Doctor, too,
But I places it here on record,
It was Nursey what pulled me through!

The sight o' her face seemed to ease my pain,
The sound o' her voice done me good,
And she was so gentle and kind wi' me,
What had been so sinful and rude;

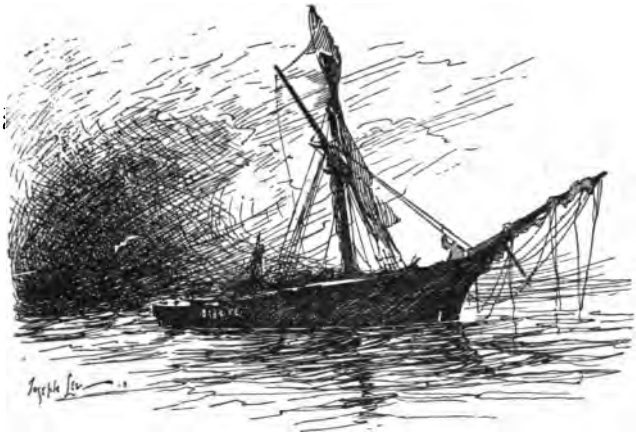
I done a heap o' pondering,
And at nights before I slept,
When I thought what I'd been with women,
I just turned on my face and wept.

The world is full o' good women,
And if they're not all the same,
I'm doubting, matey, that you and me
Are somehow a bit to blame;
And when I'm a-crawling around on my crutch
And Sister goes up the ward,
I think, there are angels withouten wings,
And I'm glad, and I thank the Lord!

## A BALLAD OF DEAD LOVES

A-LONG ago, when the world was young,
And spears were shivered, and lutes were strung,
And songs slid from the minstrel's tongue—
Ah! woe is me!
A knight sailed over the Spanish Main,
He sailed—but he came not back again—
Ah! woe is me!

A-long ago was a ladye fair,
With eyne of blue and with golden hair;
When her love came not she was full of care—
Ah! woe is me!
She pined—but she pined not quite away,
She wed with the knight who survived the fray—
Ah! woe is me!



THE DERELICT

# THE SEA

## A NIGHT WATCH ABOVE

My soul is sick for the sea,
For the scudding ships,
For the rollers racing free,
For the winds that sting like whips,
For the winds that sting like whips,
For the winds that smack like wine :
O for a good ship on the sea,
If that good ship were mine.

Here is the night-watch set,
And here do I take my stand,
Doing my spell at the parapet
With my eye fixed on No Man's Land ;
With my eye set on No Man's Land,
With my eye on that waste o' Hell,
But my heart alert for the full sail's fret
And the boom of the old ship bell.

I set my soul on an outward bound,
And I set the course by a star ;
But I miss the swell beneath my feet
As she noses for over the bar,
As she rises and dips at the bar,
As she pauses to sniff the gale ;
To-night I would circle the whole world round
With never a shorten sail !

I stand on the firing-step,
As I've stood on the fo'c'sle-head,
And I think of the sailors drowned I've known,
And the soldiers I've known who are dead,

Of my mates over there who are dead,
Of my mates who are graved in the sea,
And I think that if God gave me choice of graves,
I know what my choice would be!

The spindrift smites my face,
As there comes the lashing of rain,
And the gale whistles through the top-gallants
Like the cry of a soul in pain,
Like the cry of a soldier slain?—
Or a mariner in the sea?—
Ah! if God would but give me choice of death,
I know what my choice would be!

## THE STAR-SHELL

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE GENTLE SHADE OF JANE TAYLOR)

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
I *know* just what the 'ell you are,
Up above the trench so high,
Like some d—— arc-lamp in the sky!

When the blinking sun is gone,
When 'e nothing shines upon,
The Allemand throws up your light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

Then the Tommy in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark—
(I don't think!)
Fritz wouldn't guess our little go
If you did not twinkle so!

But as it is 'e opens fire,
Ketching us working at our wire—
(" Keep still, you blokes; get on yer
knees,
And freeze, ye bloomin' blighters, freeze !).

Oft in the trench my watch I keep,
And o'er the parapet I peep,
But Lordy ! I must mind my eye,
When you go soaring through the sky !

Or when I'm out upon patrol,
I've got to flop into a hole—
Well do I know just what you are—Hell !—
(There goes another !)
Twinkle, twinkle, little star-shell !

## THE CARRION CROW

A CROW sat on a crooked tree,
And first it cawed, then glowered at me.

Quoth I, " Thou hoary, hooded crow,
Why do ye glower upon me so ? "

" I look upon thee live," it said,
" That I may better ken thee dead ;

" That I may claim thee for my ain
When ye are smoored among the slain."

The crow perched on that crooked tree,
Nor raised its evil eye frae me.

It perched upon that crooked thorn,
And gazed on me as if in scorn :

" I'll whet my bill upon thy blade
Where thou art lying in the glade ;

" I'll pike out baith thy bonnie e'en ;
I'll pike the flesh frae off each bane ;

" Thy lips that kissed a lover fair,
God wot ! but I will kiss them bare ! "

The crow perched on that crooked tree,
Nor raised its evil eye frae me.

" Thou horrid, hooded, hoary crow,
Why do ye glower upon me so ? "

" I look upon thee live," it said,
" That I may better ken thee dead."

[There is a somewhat whimsical sequel to the above. One afternoon the R.Q.M.S., who is one of the best revolver shots in the Battalion, entered my billet with a Webley in one hand and a dead crow in the other. " He perched upon a tree, and glowered at me, and as I thought of him possibly picking out my e'en—well, *I picked him off first !* "]

# NOEL

CHRISTMAS EVE, and a wind with a sting,
We rode from Ypres through Elverdinghe.
The ruined church rose gaunt on our right:
With a turn of the head,
The Q.M. said,
*"There will be no service to-night!"*

RUINED CHURCH AT ELVERDINGHE

*"There will be no service to-night!"*

# CASUALTY LIST

(UNOFFICIAL)

MAIDENS and matrons ; mothers o' sons,
How many have fallen a prey to the guns ?

## THE THINGS I'VE SEEN

PERHAPS a hundred years from now,
When I below the sod am jammed,
Some bloke may pick up this 'ere pome,
And read, and say, "Well, I'll be damned!"

"There's nothing new," the Preacher says,
"That happens underneath the sun"—
And yet the curious things I've seen;
The bloomin' curious things I've done.

I've seen young blokes what has been bred
To sell duds in a draperie,
Stand under fire and keep their head
Wi' seasoned sodjers same as me!

I've 'ad them on a bombing raid,
Wi' faces and wi' bay'nets black,
And not a single one afraid
And not a single man hang back!

They've lain and waited till the wire
Was cut and scattered by our shells,
Then waltzed into the German trench
As gay as Negro minster-els!

I've seen our Batt. go singing in
To what was well-nigh certain death;
I've seen 'em die, and heard 'em cheer
For Britain wi' their dying breath!

I've seen my matey standing by,
And asked him if a fag he'd got;
He hadn't even time to cry
When something took him—*he was not!*

I've seen a bloke shot thro' the head—
A bloke I ne'er heard swear afore—
He spun right round, and dropped down dead,
And wot he said was, "O you whore!"

I've seen me chargin' on the foe,
To prod him wi' my bayonet;
Then "Kamerad!"—and next I know
I'm handing him a cigarette!

I've seen our sappers spring a mine,
That darkened all the sky at noon,
And left a hole within their line
Like some lorn crater of the moon!

I've seen the Germans shell a town,
In this ungracious year o' grace;
A market town, on market day—
*And first shell in the market-place!*

I've seen an aeroplane brought down,
Just like a bird wi' broken wing,
And watched, for what seemed like a week,
Them doomed men try to right the thing!

I've heard the guns at Neuve Chapelle—
An earthquake held in leash, say I,
Yet, o'er the hubbub of that hell,
I've heard a lark sing in the sky!

I've seen, amidst this waste o' war,
God's goodly seasons come and go;
And flowers bloom in the wilderness,
And rain fall both on friend and foe.

I've seen—I've seen a heap o' things,
That I ain't got no time to tell,
But every word is Gospel true—
I've done most o' the things mysel'.

"All vanity," the Preacher says,
"There's nothing new beneath the sun"—
And still the curious things I've seen,
The amazing curious things I've done!

Perchance a hundred years from now,
When I below the sod am jammed,
Some bloke will pick up this 'ere pome,
And read, and say, "Well, I'll be damned!"

And say!—If for the hist'ry books,
Some o' my words seem rather warm,
Perhaps some bloke might sort 'em out—
I wouldn't do the kids no harm!

## THE RETURN O' THE YEAR

YEAR after year the grass,
Year after year the grain,
But the sleeping dead in their lonely graves
They never return again.

Year after year the bud,
And the bird upon the tree,
But my fond love wha sleeps so sound,
He never comes back to me.

Year after year the wind,
Year after year the rain,
But the weary night and the dreary day
Bring nought to me but pain.

The sun and the moon and the stars,
And the clouds fade from the sky,
And the last leaves fall from the lifeless trees—
It's O, that I might die!

Year after year the grass,
Year after year the grain,
But the dead who sleep in the weary graves
They never return again.

TO MRS. M——, TO WHOM WE WERE INDEBTED FOR A HAGGIS, WHOSE AMPLITUDE WAS IN SOMEWISE COMMENSURATE WITH THE LARGENESS OF HER HEART

*Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,*
*Great chieftain o' the pudding race!*

A HAGGIS; a Haggis,
An honest Scottish Haggis!
Let Frenchmen make a loud to-do
About the length o' their menu—
New-fangled fricassee, ragout,
And sic like dishes—
Auld Scotia's simple brag is
Her ancient Haggis!

To me arrives a Haggis ;
A Haggis ?—A HAGGIS !
A healthy, wholesome Haggis
As ever ye did see,
And writ upon the tag is :
" To Sergeant Joseph Lee—
Just boil it for a wee ! "

Ah ! well kenn'd I wha made it—
Frae the foundation laid it—
Wha packed it up, and prayed it
Wad in condition be—
As tho' hersel' had said it—
It brought me memorie
O' the land sae dear to me—
Land where the rock and crag is,
Land where the rill and quag is,
Land where the leaping stag is—
Did this Scotch Haggis.

" Go out into the highways,
Go out into the byways,"
Quo' I in muckle glee,
" Go into ilka billet—

The fatted calf is kille't—
And say that so we will it—
  Compel them come and pree
The big and buirdly Haggis
  That's been sent out to me!"
"Losh, but I'll sound the slogan!"
Cried souple Stievie Logan,
  And aff at aince set he.

The Haggis; THE Haggis,
Yes, let us to the Haggis—
Pegasus, my nag is
  Inclined to need the spur—
We passed it for inspection,
  Then in the pot
  Till it was hot—
O, glorious resurrection!

The Haggis, the Haggis;
Wull Wright an unco' wag is,
  And he cried out wi' passion,
    "The smell itsel'
    Might very well
  Serve for a sodger's ration!"

Now quick the Cook arrays it,
And in the Piper plays it ;
Ye never heard siccan a din,
The billet roof comes tumblin' in.
(I dinna ken wha pays it—
That's quite anither story.)
Dan gi'es us " Scotland's Glory " ;
His ruddy cheeks are outward blawn,
His neb is cocked, his neck is thrawn,
He blaws until his bag is
As big's our muckle Haggis !

Behind him, Billy Milne, elate,
Bears the great chieftain on a plate,
Advancing and retiring—
Like the Haggis' sel' perspiring—
Wi' many a step frae many a dance
Unknown in the salons o' France.
Now, round and round the room they go
For it is seemly even so ;
At last amidst the babel
The Haggis takes the table !

The guests await, the Grace is said,
Then the proud host outdraws his blade :
" A British bayonet's jag is
The best for Hun or Haggis ! "
Wi' that he straightway falls on it
And gi'es the Haggis sic a slit ;
The whereupon, entrancing sight,
The hidden glories come to light—
" Advance, attack, each valiant wight,
And make good play wi' fork and spoon,
The Devil take the hindmost done—
The first to fail or flag is
No' worthy o' a Haggis ! "

No need to force a Scotsman go
To find a friend or fight a foe,
And swiftly at that given word
They fall on it wi' one accord,
Wi' spoon and gully-knife and fork
They make the shortest o' short work—
There's ne'er been sic a stabbin'
Since our boys took the Schwaben !
They hack and hew that Haggis
Till a' that's left a rag is !

And when they've worked their will o't,
And when they've ate their fill o't,
  Mair nor ae chield can scarcely drag his
  Sel' frae that feast o' Haggis!

A Haggis, a Haggis,
An honest, homely Haggis!—
Land where the riven crag is,
Land where the leaping stag is,
Thy proudest boast and brag is
Thy ancient Haggis!

## THE WILLOW TREE

O, WILLOW, Willow weeping,
  Your tears fall down for whom ?
We soldiers who are sleeping
  Until the Day of Doom ?—
O, Willow, Willow weeping,
So soundly we are sleeping.

O, Willow, Willow weeping,
  Do you but weep for those
Our women folk whose hearts are broke
  Whose eyelids never close ;
Who lie all night unsleeping—
O, Willow, Willow—weeping.

## VERSE VINDICTIVE

### 3668 PRIVATE WILLIAM WARLEY TO KAISER WILHELM II

How d'ye like it, Bill ?
How d'ye like it, Bill ?
How does it seem on the losing side ?
How does it pain you to pocket your pride ?
Sure, it's a bitter pill—
How d'ye like it, Bill ?

You'd got your mailed hand on one half of the map,
Like a thief with his paw in the till,
But John Bull's gripp'd your wrist,
And you'll open your fist—
How d'ye like it, Bill ?

You would wallow around in the wealth o' the world,
Like a hog wi' its snout in the swill,
But we've upset your trough,
For you've sure had enough—
How d'ye like it, Bill?

You wanted a "place in the sun" was your plaint,
You could had it for us with a will;
We'll find you a place hotter far than the sun—
You are bound, my bold Wilhelm, for hell on the run—
How d'ye like it, Bill?

They do say that your hair is a-turning white,
And that you are looking ill—
Well, my pore mother is grey-haired too,
And I'm putting it down on account to you—
How d'ye like it, Bill?

Your hair is turned white; well, your hands are turned red
Wi' the blood ye ha' made men to spill;
I bayoneted one o' your blokes mysel'—
It was you that he cursed as his soul sped to hell!—
How d'ye like it, Bill?

And when you shall stand at the Lord's Judgment Seat,
And the great Court is all hushed and still,
And the Angel Recording shall point to your scroll,
And God shall look right thro' your poor puny soul—
How will ye like it, Bill?

ONE LOVED COT I KNOW

## TRENCH THOUGHTS

### CHRISTMAS 1916

NOT of the Christ who came
Two thousand years ago ;
Only the firelight glow
In one loved cot I know.

Not of those shepherds old,
Watching their flocks by night !
But Father, and Kate with a light,
Seeing that cows is right.

Not of the Angel song;
Peace unto men of Goodwill;
Only my brother Bill
Dead, and he done no ill!

Not of the Heavenly Host,
Bringing tidings of great joy;
But my Mother's homely employ,
And her prayer, "My boy, my boy!"

## THE SONG OF THE SOCK

DEDICATED TO LADY BAXTER OF INVEREIGHTY

He stood within the flooded trench,
The water reached his knee,
His feet seemed like twa icebergs sunk
Deep in an Arctic sea;
His heart was cold; his hands were cold
And dead as granite blocks:
"Lord! What would I no gi'e the nicht
For a clean pair o' socks!"

He stood within the tottering trench,
The water touched his thigh;
His wits were wander'ed, wanting sleep,
But down he daurna lie;
His blood seemed frozen; "Lord," he cried,
"Could I but slip my fit
In saft, warm woolly socks, the kind
My mither used to knit!"

He followed down the twining trench
The way the men did go ;
Sometimes he wrastled in a slough
As stern as Solway Flow.
Richt ruefully, " Why did I no'
Bide at hame like ither folks ? "
Syne dourly swore he'd see it thro',
If he had but clean socks !

He struggled on the endless road,
All through the endless night,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' snaw and sleet,
He was a waeful wight ;
Quo' he, " I dinna mind being killed,
I dinna mind the knocks,
If only I could put my feet
Into a pair o' socks ! "

He stumbled thro' the silent town,
And to the ruined farm,
Then threw himself among the straw
And found it welcome, warm ;
But the clay walls were ill-designed
To stay the Winter's shocks,
And a' the nicht his feet were cauld—
He dreamed o' nought but socks !

He dreamed that on his mother's knee,
A golden, curly head,
Before the fire he warmed his feet
Ere he should go to bed;
She felt his tiny toes—He woke—
'Twas but a dream that mocks;
For she was dead—" Or I this day
Wad no' hae wanted socks!"

Just then a much-wished mail came in,
And there was great a-do,
To find out rightly which was which,
And what was there for who;
The postman picked a parcel up;
" For Private Weelum Knox!"—
Will slipped the string, and out there fell
A pair o' worsted socks!

There was beside a hame-baked cake
To help him wi' his tea;
A case of Straight Cut Cigarettes
Straight frae Virginiee;
Some soap, some jam, a packet neat
O' Edina's far-famed rocks,
But first and best o' a', a pair
O' well-knit woollen socks!

They werena fashioned frail and fine,
  Too dainty for defiling,
Not like the lasses' silken hose
  Worn for the lads' beguiling;
They bore no dandified design
  O' arrows or o' clocks—
But just an honest, homely pair
  O' hand-made Scottish socks!

"Now, thank the Lord!" he softly cried,
  "For woman's skilful hand,
And thank the Lord for woman's heart
  So swift to understand!
And thanks to her, matron or maid,
  Seventeen or seventy-three,
The socks who wrought, and had the
    thought
  To send them out to me!

Was't frae some mither, such as his?
  Working her "purl and plain,"
And thinking o' her absent lad
  Till the tears drapp'd down like rain;

Her hands aye full o' housely work,
Patching trousers, mending frocks,
Yet somehow finding time to knit
A pair o' sodger's socks ?

Was't frae some grand dame, nearly done,
Yet eager still to do,
And full of memories of her sire
Who fought at Waterloo ?
Was't frae a maid o' modest mien,
Soft eyes, and silken locks ?—
Here Will pu'ed up his straying thoughts,
And pu'ed on baith the socks !

Then quickly pu'ed ane off, to find
A note, the which did say :
" I hope these socks will warm your feet,
Yours faithfully, Nell Grey."—
They warmed his feet, they fired his heart—
Wi' fearsome " Heuchs ! " and " Hocks ! "
The day they wed, it's like I'll dance
The soles out o' *my* socks !

O, women in this woeful time,
  Who work while ye do weep,
Forget not that who goeth forth
  The sheaves shall surely reap;
Hearts that bemoan a man child slain—
  Hands that the Cradle rock,
May knit this broken world again,
  Knitting a soldier's sock!

## EPITAPH

WHERE the long trench twines snake-like
To keep the foe at bay,
There be the place to lay me,
And this be what you say:

*Here lieth one who loved all life,*
*Sunshine and song, and sword and strife;*
*Sea and storm, and wind and rain,*
*Breaking bud, and bursting grain,*
*Pulsing pleasure, and stabbing pain—*
*Who would, an he could, live all over*
*again!*

A WAYSIDE ESTAMINET IN FLANDERS

## THE ESTAMINET

THE Recreation Hut is dull,
The Dry Canteen is dry,
And some'ow neither seems designed
For soldiers sich as I;
I likes some family comfort
And I likes some fireside cheer
What time I am partaking of
My little drop o' beer—
And so it is I spend my pay
Within the old Estamin-ay!
*Deux bier, Mademoiselle, sil vous play!*

It's 'Ome Sweet 'Ome from twelve to two,
Likewise from six to eight,
And there I sits and pulls my pipe
And parleys with my mate;
We sits and parleys 'bout the war
And if it's going to end—
(*What a hope!*)
And when the old clock strikes *weet heur*
We up and homewards wend—
And so when we can draw five francs
We do not put it in no banks!
*Encore une bier, sil vous play!*

And when our appetites is sharp,
And we have got the spoof,
We have a plate o' *pomme de terre,*
*Du pang, buerre,* an *oof;*
And if the morning's very cold
Then in by stealth I come,
And blarney Marie till I gets
A *café—avec rhum!*
*Vite!* M.P. hovering o'er the way
Might close the old Estamin-ay!
*Bon santé! Mademoiselle! Policemans*
*no regardez moi!*

Marie is *très complaisant ;*
  She is full o' woman's wile,
With an expansive bosom,
  And an expansive smile ;
And sometimes I have pondered
  If it might not come to be
That I might marry Marie—
  If Marie 'd marry me—
And spend the evening of my day
Within this old Estamin-ay !
  *Ah non, Monsieur ! Reste tranquille !—*
    *Après la guerre !*

THE WAGGONER

REFUGEES SHELTERING IN AN ESTAMINET DURING BOMBARDMENT

MARCELLE

# MARCELLE

*" In your last book, ' Ballads of Battle,' I looked in vain for some tribute to Marcelle, and for the picture which you made of her sitting by the open window."*—LETTER TO THE AUTHOR FROM SOLDIER-COMRADE.

MARCELLE, who served the café noir,
The vintage white and red,
With lightsome step, with laughing eye,
With proudly poisèd head!

Vin blanc, vin rouge; of red, of white,
What need was there to speak?
For they were out-vied by the red
And lily of thy cheek!

Trench-worn and stained we sat around
And quaffed *vin ordinaire,*
And were rejuvenate, as if
Hebé the cup did bear!

For us the ever-generous door,
  The ever-gracious smile,
The attentive ear, the ready tear,
  The glance devoid of guile.

But not for us that pensive gaze,
  The sudden mist of tears,
The broken sigh that spoke a tale
  Of lovers' hopes and fears!

Marcelle! when peace shall dawn at last
  Upon this night of pain,
May thy bold chasseur, all unscathed,
  Come back to thee again!

Bon soir! Marcelle!
Thy Scottish soldiers wish thee well!

AT THE WINDOW

# THE TOT OF RUM

## A SOLILOQUY AT STAND-TO IN THE TRENCHES

*When the Sergeant drinks your tot, never mind;*
*When the Sergeant drinks your tot, never mind;*
*When the Sergeant drinks your tot,*
*Let him drink the bloomin' lot—*
*Though it burns his bluidy throat*
*We'll never mind.*

SOLDIERS' SONG.

BEFORE I saw the trenches
I was a strict T.T.,
The pledge I'd took,
The water brook
Was strong enough for me,
But now I take my tot o' rum—
(I wish to Gawd that Sarg. would come)—
Each morning about three.

It's easy for the blokes at 'ome
To talk of honest water,
And tell us when we take our tot—

(A thimble would hold all the lot)—
We really shouldn't oughter;
But if they'd got to stand in mud
And water to the knee,
I guess they'd take their tot o' rum—
(I *wish* to Gawd that Sarg. would come)—
The very same as me.

You've been ten days in the front line,
Strafed soundly by the Hun,
You're short o' grub, you're short o' sleep,
The water's standing three foot deep,
You're feeling nearly done;
"Stand-to!" You shiver with the cold
You've no vitalit-ie—
It's then you bless the tot o' rum—
(I wish to *Gawd* that Sarg. would come,
It's almost half-past three!)

It's like a warm hand round your heart,
It's like a brazier's glow;
It trickles through your trembling lips,
It thrills you to your finger-tips,
And thaws your frozen toe.

"A little for the stomach's sake"—
That's good enough for me,
To fortify my fainting frame—
I'll give you gospel for the same,
See Tim. v. 23.

When we return from this 'ere war
To mothers and to wives,
No rum we'll need,
And then we'll lead
Sober and godly lives.
But while we're fighting in the mud,
I begs to hope that we
Will get our little tot o' rum—
(My feet is froze, my hands is numb,
Thank Gawd! I see the Sargeant come!)—
Each morning just at three!

# THE STEEL HELMET

*" I have been a soldier in my youth, and therefore know what a helmet is, and what a morion or cap of steel is, as well as a casque with its beaver, and other matters relating to Soldiery—I mean to the arms commonly used by soldiers. And I say, with submission always to better judgments, that the piece before us, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. At the same time I say that although it be a helmet, it is not a complete helmet."*—DON QUIXOTE.

SINCE in fair fight
La Mancha's knight
Won th' Helmet of Mambrino,
At storm or siege,
On lord or liege,
Has such a casque been seen, O ?

When Cavaliers
About the ears
Of Roundheads banged the sword,

My shrapnel hat
Might ha' been that
I' which Barebones praised the Lord!

A halo shed
Around our head,
Says one artistic fellow,
It might have been—
(A soup tureen ?)—
Designed by Donatello!

Well, have we not
For lack of pot
Used it to boil an egg in ?
Or to immerse—
Wash-tubs being scarce—
A Highland hand or leg in ?

It lies like lead
Upon the head
When we are in the trenches,
Yet I must state
Our old "soup-plate"
Is safer than the Frenchies'.

And so we laugh
When Huns do straf
Our line as they'd o'erwhelm it ;
You see that dent ?
For me 'twas meant—
God bless my old steel helmet !

POILU WITH SHRAPNEL HELMET

## THE CUIRASSIER'S GRAVE

RAVEN plume on riven helm,
Rider in an unknown realm ;

Thou hast ta'en the final journey,
Thou hast made the final tourney,

Shivered thy lance, broken thy sword,
Ended allegiance to thy lord.

So fares each knight encountereth
The pale horse and his rider Death !

THE CUIRASSIER'S GRAVE

# THE AUSTRALIAN

*In honour to plain Private Bill*
*Great Agamemnon lifts his hand.*
THE ANZAC BOOK.

You don't salute, you don't salaam,
You don't in gen'ral give a damn,
You don't count much on discip-lyne—
But Gawd! behold you in the line!

In Egypt, then Gallipoli,
And now in France, along o' me;
'Twas like a glint o' Southern sun
To have you with us 'gainst the Hun.

You're big o' heart, you're big o' hand;
Somewhere around six foot you stand;
Sinews o' steel, an iron jaw—
Fritz holds you fellers some in awe!

You don't salaam, you don't salute,
But Cornstalks! you know how to shoot!
Your 'ealths!—I lifts my glass o' beer—
The biggest, boldest boys out here!

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## THE LISTENING POST

FOUR live men lie in the grass,
Listening what may come to pass;
Open eye, attentive ear—
*Four dead men are lying near.*

We four lying in the rain,
Hearkening if perchance we gain
Inkling of our enemy—
*That dead hand seemed to beckon me!*

We four 'neath the lowering sky;
Straining ear, and open eye;
A star-shell lights a ghostly cheek—
*Hark! did I hear that dead man speak?*

Out beneath the blackened sky
We four listening live men lie;
Deep into the dark we peer—
*And four dead men seem watching near!*

Unto the Earth my ear I keep;
I hear her breathing, long and deep;
The speeding shadows come and go—
*Is that patrol friend or foe?*

Beneath the blackened heavens we lie,
Three brave lads—*the dead*—and I;
Open eye—attentive ear—
They do not hear the sounds I hear,
*Nor see four dead men watching near!*

ALLAH DAD

# TIK, JOHNNIE!

*" Tik, Johnnie ! " (pronounce Teek)—the friendly and familiar salutation between the British Tommy and his Indian comrade-in-arms, heard so frequently during the first year of the war. Freely translated, it means " good," " all right " ; and many a time it seemed to render more tolerable, desperate and well-nigh intolerable conditions.*

ALLAH DAD and Hira Singh,
You and I fought for the King!
Hajal Moka, Suba Khan,
You stood with us, man to man—
Tik, Johnnie!

When we were tottering to our knees
Beneath a barbed cheval-de-frise,
And struggling through the muddy miles,
You'd meet us with a face all smiles
And—Tik, Johnnie!

When we were crouching in the trench,
And choking in the smoke and stench,
The bullets falling like a flail,
You'd pass us with a friendly hail—
Tik, Johnnie!

And when, on stretchers dripping red,
You bore the dying and the dead,
With pity in your wistful eye,
Your greeting seemed half sob, half sigh—
Tik, Johnnie!

I've seen you leaning on a wall,
Your head smashed by a rifle ball;
You've smiled, and raised a hand, and cried
Tik, Johnnie!
Then turned upon your side and died.

May Allah, when you go above,
Grant you the Heaven you would love;
And if our straying footsteps meet
Then free and friendly-like we'll greet—
Tik, Johnnie!

**VIA DOLOROSA**

***Bringing in the wounded after 9th May***

# OUR BRITISH DEAD

*O stranger, bring the Spartans word, that here,*
*Obedient thus to their command, we lie.*

SIMONIDES.

HERE do we lie, dead but not discontent,
That which we found to do has had accomplishment.

No more for us uprise or set of sun;
The vigilant night, the desperate day is done.

To other hands we leave the avenging sword,
To other tongues to speak the arousing word.

Here do we lie, dead but not discontent,
That which was ours to do has had accomplishment.

Forget us not, O Land for which we fell—
May it go well with England, still go well.

Keep her bright banners without blot or
stain,
Lest we should dream that we have died
in vain.

Brave be the days to come, when we
Are but a wistful memory. . . .

Here do we lie, dead but not discontent,
That which we found to do has had
accomplishment.

FRENCH GIRLS TENDING THE GRAVE OF AN ENGLISH SOLDIER

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*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

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